CHIMES

Scituate High School

June, 1940

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INCORPORATED

SCITUATE HARBOR MASSACHUSETTS

CLASS OF 1940
Interesting facts

Shirley Allen is now Mrs. Richard Henderson and lives at 343 Country Way in Scituate. She has 1 girl and 2 boys.

Helen Arnold (unable to locate)

Virginia Arnold isnow Mrs. William Moulton and lives in Estarado, Oregon

Patricia Barbuto is now Mrs. Albert Rothfuss and has recently moved to Troy, New York

Charles Bearce is married and lives at 16 Lynda Lane, Scituate, Mass. He has two boys and two girls.

Theresa Canessa is Mrs. George Whittaker and lives at 26 Turner Road, Scituate

Carl Chessia, Jr. lives at 240 First Parish Road. He is married to the former Jane Whittaker and they have four boys.

Virginia Chipman is now Mrs. George Ward and lives at 54 Cedarwood Road, Scituate. Ginny has one boy and one girl.

Howard Clapp lives on Allen Street in Scituate. Howard is the only bachelor left in the class of 1940.

Jean Cole is now Mrs. Michael Strzelecki and lives at 131 Country Way in Greenbush. Jean has three daughters.

Barbara Condit is Mrs. Scott Carpenter and lives at 39 Middle Street in Hingham. She has one daughter and one son.

Barbara Curran is now Mrs. Paul Shaw and lives at 43 Holland Street in Bangor, Maine.

Jane Crowley is Mrs. John Fallon and lives at 2333 Hayes Street in Hollywood, Florida. Jane has four girls and three boys.

Arthur Cross lives at 174 Warren Avenue, Brockton, Mass. Apt. 24

Mary Curran is now Mrs. James Rosano and lives at 21 Tupelo Road, Cohasset.

Ernest Dorr lives at Pine Island Road, Mattapoisett, Mass. "Moonie" is married to the former Alice Hayward and they have two sons and one daughter. "Moonie" is a teacher-coach at New Bedford.

Eleanor Drake is married to George Yenetchi. They live at 141 North Avenue in Rockland and have two boys.

Arthur Drew, Jr. lives at Ford Place in Greenbush. Monks hobby is go-karts.

Althea Dyment is now Mrs. William Fisk and lives at 799 Country Way in North Scituate. Althea has three daughters and one son.

James Finnie, Jr. is married and lives at 7 Lynda Lane in Scituate. They have one boy and three girls.

Marguerite Fleming is now Mrs. Harry Smit and lives at 2025 Chilton Drive in Las Cruces, New Mexico

Frederick Franzon lives at 659 Liberty Street in Rockland. He is married, two sons and a daughter make up his family.

Sherman Gates has acquired the initials M.D. after his name. "Mocca" is a Physician at the Albany Veterans Hospital in Albany, N.Y. He is married and they have two boys and two girls. His address is 64 Adams Place, Delmar, New York.

John Girard lives at 84 Clearview Avenue, Meriden, Connecticut

Hope Gurney is now Mrs. John Hamblet and lives at 2965 Westbrook Drive in Cincinnati, Ohio. They have two daughters and one son.

John Harrigan lives in Scituate. He is married and delivers the mailfor the citizens of Scituate.

Arnold Howett lives at 119 Via San Renee, [illegible] California

Suzanne Hill is now Mrs. Herbert Lee. Susie lives at 304 Winser Avenue, in Wayne, Pennsylvania. They have two boys and two girls.

Robert Holland is married to the former Claire Burns and they live at 495 Country Way, Egypt. They have one daughter and two sons.

Cecil Leigh unable to locate

Miriam Litchfield is now Mrs. Robert Turner and lives at Surplus Rd, Duxbury.

Alice McDonald is now Mrs. Edward Coffey and lives at 364 East Washington St., in Hanson, Mass.

Rachel Merritt is now Mrs. John Priestman and lives at 66 Clapp Rd., Scituate. They have three daughters.

Doris Nichols is now Mrs. [illegible] and lives at 996 Tremont Road, Scituate. They have one son and three daughters.

Lucille Nichols Litchfield lives at 126 Front Street in Scituate. Lucille had the honor of seeing her daughter Ellen graduate from S.H.S. this year and being awarded a scholarship. She has another daughter Nancy age 16.

Evelyn Patterson is Mrs. A.J. Ferreira and lives at 52 Tilden Road, Scituate.

Olive Patterson is Mrs. Francis Lynch and lives at 13 Curtis Avenue, Scituate. Olive has 7 children - 5 sons and 2 daughters.

Mary Peirce is Mrs. Joseph Driscoll and lives at 19 Thomas Avenue, Scituate.

Emma Perkins unable to locate

Helen Poland is now Mrs. Sheldon Ackley and lives at 316 Rose Street in Freeport, New York. Helen and her husband have adopted a boy and a girl.

Bert Russell is married and lives at 65 Buckley Street in Quincy. They have two girls and two boys. Bert is a pilot with Northeast Air Lines.

Betty Scarsilloni is now Mrs. Donald Pitman and lives at 333 South Street in Bow, New Hampshire. They have one daughter.

Polly Soule is Mrs. Clifford Jones and lives at Old Farms Road in Avon, Conn.

Fred Sylvester, Jr. is married and lives at 11 Stenbeck Place in Scituate. They have two daughters.

Loring Sylvester lives at 149 Quincy Street, Quincy, Mass.

Edna Wagner is now Mrs. Newell Winslow and lives at East Stret in Hanover. Edna has 7 children.

Cornelia Weeks is now Mrs. Peter Jamerson, Route 5, Vienna, Virginia

Helen White is now Mrs. Joseph Barry and lives at 156 First Parish Road in Scituate. They have one daughter and two sons.

Barbara Whittaker is now Mrs. Sidney Richards and lives on Cedar Stret in West Hanover. Barby has the honor of having the only set of twins presented to a member of our class. They have two boys and three girls.

James Duffey is in the Navy. His address is 8944 Devonshire Boulevard, Jacksonville 8, Florida.

Joseph Flamond lives at 3 Lorraine Street in Portland, Maine

Pauline Gillis is now Mrs. Walter Glinski, Lorraine Terrace, Middletown, Conn.

Eugene LaVange is married and lives at 111 Meadow Street in Waynesville, North Carolina. They have one son and one daughter. Gene works for the State of North Carolina.

Donald Stone is married and lives in Scituate.

George Whittaker is married to Theresa Canessa and they live at 26 Turner Road, in Scituate.

Joanne Hendrickson is now Mrs. James Carney. Her address is c/o California Bolivia Petroleum, Casilla 653, Cochabamba, Bolivia, South America

Cora Brown is now Mrs. Philip Dolan. They live at 807 No. 24 Avenue in Hollywood, Florida. They have one son.

Philip Dolan see above

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Dear Alma Mater,
Through our high school years
We were so happy
And we shed no tears.
We were so careless and free;
Our thoughts were seldom of thee,
And, now as we plainly see
We had no fears,
Our friends and teachers
We'll not soon forget,
And as we leave them
We now regret
That we cannot return
Tho our hearts may yearn and we cry;
Our Alma Mater,
Dear Scituate High.

Dear Alma Mater,
As the years roll by,
We're filled with longing
And a sadness, too.
But we will always be gay
When we remember the day,
And tho we're far, far away,
We'll think of you.
This is farewell
But it's not forever.
We'll meet again
When our dreams come true,
But 'til that far off day
We can only say with a sigh;
Our Alma Mater,
Dear Scituate High.

Suzanne Hill Lee
Cornelia Weekes Jameson

"We're Here For Fun"
(Tune: Auld Lang Syne")

We're here for fun right from the start
So drop your dignity--
Just laugh and sing with all your heart
And show your loyalty;
May all your troubles be forgot
Let this night be the best;
Join in the things we do tonight,
Be happy with the rest.

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Chimes

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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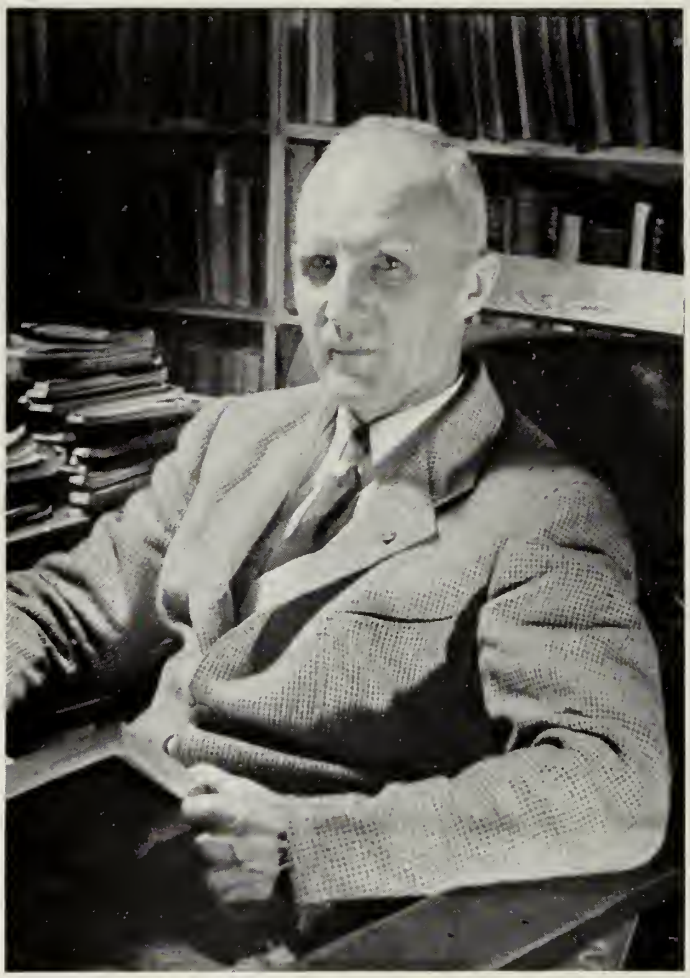
In Memoriam



Kitrosser

Donald Stevenson Pitkin

To Donald Stevenson Pitkin, who so willingly gave his time to the young people of Scituate, we wish to dedicate this book. Everyone, young and old alike, knew and liked Don Pitkin. Memories of his cheerful ways and friendly manner will find a place close to our hearts always.

South Shore Light

Farewell

A few weeks from now the Class of 1940 will, for the final time, leave Scituate High School, which for four years has been the center of our world. Here we have met Shakespeare and Dickens; Virgil and Dumas; Newton and Rumford; we have found victory and defeat on the gridiron and hockey field. But most important of all, we have had the close associations of our teachers and classmates that have taught us how to get along with other people. The years that we have spent here together have given us much that we shall need of knowledge and understanding as we venture out into an unstable world.

In reality, we can never recapture the forces that have held us together, as fellow-students, in our secluded world. From now on, it is going to be every man for himself in a universe of uncertainty and unrest: triumph and disaster. How often we shall think back to our memorable days here as students when a basketball defeat was a major calamity, and the worst of our worries was a history examination.

Some of us have not yet finished our schooling. In the fall, we will begin another two or four years of education. But others of us will start to earn our bread-and-butter right away. All of us will keep the grand memories of four never-to-be forgotten years close to our hearts, and no matter what our lot in life may be, we will try to make Scituate High School proud to claim us as *her* Class of 1940.

First Row: Miss Hawkes, Miss Walker, Miss Giles, Miss Whidden, Miss Gile, Miss Colman, Miss Dudley, Miss Harrington. Second Row: Mr. Stewart, Mr. Calkin, Mr. Atkinson, Miss Kingsbury, Miss Cuneen, Mr. Sandberg, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Cox

THE FACULTY

Frederick A. Calkin, B.S., Ed. M.	*Principal*
Michael B. Gillespie, B.S., M.A.	*Sub-master, Mathematics*
C. O. Atkinson, B.S.	*Economics, History, Mathematics*
Barbara Colman, Massachusetts School of Art	*Art*
Philip W. L. Cox, Jr., B. Mus.	*Music*
Anne L. Cunneen, Hyannis Teachers College	*English*
Bessie M. Dudley, A.B.	*English*
Eleanor Gile, A.B.	*English, History*
Elizabeth Giles, B.S. in Ed.	*Civics, History, Penmanship*
Esther M. Harrington, A.B., Ed. M.	*Latin, French*
Ruth E. Hawkes, B.S.	*Commercial Subjects*
Mary S. Kingsbury, B.S.	*Household Arts*
Dorothy L. Maxim, B.S. in Ed.	*Geography, Hygiene*
Nels H. Sandberg, Training School for Teachers in Practical Arts	*Practical Arts*
Edward L. Stewart, A.B.	*Latin, Biology, Physical Training*
Clare Walker, B.S.	*Mathematics, Science*
Ruth A. Whidden, Posse School	*Physical Training*
Edward W. Whitmore, B.S. in Ed.	*Science*

First Row: W. Soule, P. Hardwick, B. Condit, V. Chipman, P. Soule, E. Bartlett, J. Crowley, L. Heard, R. Rouleau. Second Row: D. Anderson, D. Nichols, H. White, C. Brown, M. Taylor, A. McDonald, S. Hill, R. Merritt, A. Barnes, J. Rouleau. Third Row: H. Gurney, R. Spear, J. Welch, C. Gurney, E. Burrows, S. Gates, M. Merritt, J. Cole

CHIMES STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Polly Soule

Assistant Editors

Virginia Chipman Eudora Bartlett

Business Manager

Alice McDonald

Assistant Business Managers

James Welch Doris Anderson

Literary Editors

Jean Cole Rachel Merritt
Elmer Burrows

Dramatic Editor

Barbara Condit

Sports Editors

Sherman Gates Jane Crowley

Art Editors

Suzanne Hill Doris Nichols

Exchange Editors

Hope Gurney Mildred Taylor

Joke Editors

Merrill Merritt Helen White

Class Editors

Cora Brown, '40
Robert Spear, '41
Abbie Barnes, '42
Joan Rouleau, '43

Class Editors

Lois Heard, '44
Robert Rouleau, '44
William Soule, '45
Priscilla Hardwick, '45

Alumni Editor

Chester Gurney

Class of 1940

Cora Brown

WE, being the largest class ever to enter and leave Scituate High School, have done our best to distinguish ourselves in various ways.

After everything was under control in September, we elected our officers for the year. Those elected were Sherman Gates, president; James Duffey, vice-president; Cora Brown, secretary; Ernest Dorr, treasurer; and Miss Dudley, class adviser. Sherman has been our class president for four years, and we are all very proud of him.

Here we are, seniors at our dear school, and they seem to expect a great deal from us. The teachers are always saying, "Now don't forget you are seniors." We gave them a surprise with a large number of names on the honor roll. Those who have blossomed out and got on the honor roll this year are Cora Brown, Carl Chessia, Jean Cole, Jane Crowley, Eleanore Drake, John Girard, Hope Gurney, Jean Hendrickson, Cecil Leith, Helen Poland, and Cornelia Weeks. Sherman Gates has twice presented us with a card of high honors. Those who have received honorable mention are Arnold Hewett, Suzanne Hill, Robert Holland, Rachel Merritt, and Evelyn Patterson.

"When is your social going to be?" We were asked this many times, and on October 21, 1939, we gave them the most enjoyable time of their life. The dancing was grand, and nothing could have beaten the refreshments. It seems as though everyone showed up from everywhere when the class passed out the cider and doughnuts.

The study hall and cafeteria seem to be the most enjoyable spots for seniors, although cafeteria life seems to be quite bad for some. Having just four at a table in the lunchroom seems to be quite a trial for some seniors, (especially girls) because they can't get along without a large crowd. Of course, our boys can almost always busy themselves with a book or an ice cream sandwich.

Our class work seems to be of interest to almost all of us, especially the debates and discussions we have had. The discussions start out well with almost everyone expressing an opinion, but they end with one person on each side, — always the same two. These two delight in getting back at each other, and apparently are never at a loss for an idea. This seems to be about the only year that we were not asked to be in a speaking contest. Do you suppose it is because we don't need to be encouraged to talk?

When 1940 arrived, the Seniors relaxed somewhat. We knew it wouldn't be long before June, and thought that we might as well take it easy. We found out differently; they still gave out report cards.

We are sorry that this is our last year here, and we hope that the future classes of this school will have as joyous a time as we have had.

Allen, Shirley

Commercial Course. Glee Club, 1, 2, 4.

Intention for further education: Secretarial School.

Ambition: Secretary.

Arnold, Helen R.

Commercial Course. Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Transferred from Hingham, Junior Year; Hockey, 3; Basketball, 3, 4.

Ambition: Bookkeeper.

Arnold, Virginia

Commercial Course. Glee Club, 4.

Ambition: Nurse.

Barbuto, Patricia

Commercial Course.

Ambition: Typist.

Bearce, Charles E.

General Course. Baseball, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4.

Intention for further education: Art School.

Ambition: Cartoonist.

Brown, Cora

Commercial Course. Class Secretary, 4; A. A. Secretary, 1; Class Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Field Hockey, 3, 4; Manager, 3; Basketball, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Orchestra, 1; Dramatics, 4.

Intention for further education: Boston University.

Ambition: Secretary.

Canessa, Theresa

General Course. Hockey, 2, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Transferred from Pembroke, Senior Year.

Ambition: Nurse.

Chessia, Carl C.

General Course. Vice-President, 3.

Ambition: Engineer.

Chipman, Virginia B.

Commercial Course. Exchange Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Assistant Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2.

Ambition: Journalist.

Clapp, Howard W.

General Course.

Ambition: Engineer.

Cole, Jean E.

Commercial Course. Secretary of Class, 2; Class Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Manager Hockey, 4; D. A. R. Good Citizenship Pilgrim, 4.

Ambition: Accountant.

Condit, Barbara

College Course. Dramatic Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Cheer Leader, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Dramatics, 4.

Intention for further education: Leland Powers School of the Theatre.

Ambition: Radio work.

Curran, Barbara

General Course. Glee Club, 1, 2.

Ambition: Nurse.

Crowley, Jane M.

College Course. Class Secretary, 3; Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 3; Sports Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 3, 4; Cheer Leader, 2, 3; Prop Committee for Class Play, 4.

Intention for further education: Fay's Secretarial School.

Ambition: Private Secretary.

Cross, Arthur R.

General Course. Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Orchestra, 1; Football, 4.

Ambition: Industry.

Curran, Mary E.

Commercial Course. Assistant Manager Hockey, 1, 2, 3.

Ambition: Typist.

Delano, Ruth F.

Commercial Course.

Ambition: Private Kindergarten Teacher.

Dolan, Philip B.

Commercial Course. Basketball, 4; Baseball, 4; Orchestra, 2; Stage Manager Dramatics, 4.

Ambition: Race Driver.

Dorr, Ernest B.

Commercial Course. Class Treasurer, 2, 3, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Orchestra, 3, 4; Stage Manager Dramatics, 4.

Intention for further education: Boston University.

Ambition: Football coach.

Drake, Eleanor

General Course. Hockey, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2; Prop Committee Dramatics, 4.

Ambition: Nurse.

Drew, Arthur W., Jr.
General Course. Football, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4.
Intention for further education: Wentworth.
Ambition: Aviator.

Dyment, Althea C.
General Course. Glee Club, 1.
Intention for further education: Secretarial School.
Ambition: Office worker.

Finnie, James, Jr.
General Course. Stage Manager Dramatics, 4.
Ambition: Dairyman.

Fleming, Marguerite C.
General Course. Glee Club, 2, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3.
Intention for further education: Calvin Coolidge College.
Ambition: Buyer.

Franzen, Frederick A.
General Course. Basketball, 3, 4; Baseball, 4; Glee Club, 3; Dramatics, 4.
Intention for further education: Wentworth.
Ambition: Electrical Engineer.

Gates, Sherman
College Course. Class President, 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President A. A., 2, President A. A. 4; Sports Editor, *Chimes*, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2; Dramatics, 4.
Intention for further education: Brown University.
Ambition: Chemist.

Girard, John
College Course. Football, 4.
Intention for further education: Oglethorpe University.
Ambition: Certified Public Accountant.

Gould, Marjorie E.
College Course.
Intention for further education: Wheelock School.
Ambition: Music Supervisor.

Gurney, Hope L.
College Course. Exchange Editor *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Dramatics, 4.
Intention for further education: Boston University.
Ambition: Buyer.

Harrigan, John
General Course. Glee Club, 1; Baseball Manager, 4.
Ambition: Salesman.

HENDRICKSON, JEANNE

College Course. Treasurer, 1; Basketball Manager, 4; Glee Club, 3; Dramatics, 4.

Intention for further education: Vesper George School of Art.

Ambition: Fashion Designer.

HEWETT, ARNOLD G.

College Course. Vice-President, 1; Tennis, 2, 4; Orchestra, 1; Dramatics, 4.

Intention for further education: Harvard College.

Ambition: Chemical Engineer.

HILL, SUZANNE

College Course. Class Editor *Chimes*, 2; Art Editor *Chimes*, 4; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Tennis, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1; Dramatics, 4.

Ambition: Actress.

HOLLAND, ROBERT E.

General Course. Glee Club, 3; Stagehand Class Play, 4.

Ambition: Mechanical Engineer.

LAVOINE, VIRGINIA

General Course. Glee Club, 1, 2, 3.

Intention for further education: Secretarial School.

Ambition: Typist.

LEITH, CECIL E., JR.

Scientific Course. Dramatics, 3, 4; Transferred from Roxbury Latin School, 2.

Intention for further education: University of California.

Ambition: Mathematician.

LITCHFIELD, MIRIAM

College Course. Tennis, 3, 4.

Intention for further education: Lasell Junior College.

Ambition: Dress Designer.

MCDONALD, ALICE CATHERINE

Commercial Course. Assistant Business Manager *Chimes*, 3; Business Manager *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4.

Ambition: Accountant.

MERRITT, RACHEL

College Course. Literary Editor *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Dramatics (prompter), 4.

Intention for further education: Chamberlain School.

Ambition: Fashion Expert.

NICHOLS, DORIS

General Course. Art Editor *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3.

Intention for further education: Vesper George School of Art.

Ambition: Fashion Designer.

Nichols, Lucille
Commercial Course. Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Ambition: Telephone Operator.

Patterson, Evelyn A.
General Course. Glee Club, 2; Manager Girls' Tennis, 4.
Ambition: Stenographer.

Patterson, Olive M.
General Course. Glee Club, 2; Tennis, 4.
Ambition: Stenographer.

Peirce, Mary A.
Commercial Course. Orchestra, 3.
Intention for further education: Burdett College.
Ambition: Secretary.

Perkins, Emma L.
General Course. Literary Staff, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Transferred from Duxbury High School Senior Year.
Ambition: Nurse.

Poland, Helen R.
College Course. Vice-President of Class, 2; Class Secretary, 1; Literary Editor *Chimes*, 3; Dramatics, 4.
Intention for further education: Boston University.
Ambition: Medical Secretary.

Russell, Bert C.
General Course. Football, 3, 4; Stage Hand for Class Play, 4.
Intention for further education: Wentworth Institute.
Ambition: Aircraft Construction.

Scarsilloni, Elizabeth
Commercial Course. Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Ambition: Singer.

Soule, Polly
College Course. Class Editor *Chimes*, 1; Assistant Editor *Chimes*, 3; Editor *Chimes*, 4; Cheer Leader, 3, 4; Hockey, 3; Basketball, 3, 4; Assistant Manager Basketball, 2; Dramatics, 4.
Intention for further education: Larson Junior College.
Ambition: Academic Secretary.

Sylvester, Fred L., Jr.
General Course. Basketball, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Tennis, 4; Orchestra, 4; Stage Hand Class Play, 4.
Intention for further education: Wentworth Institute.
Ambition: Building Contractor.

Sylvester, Loring R.
General Course. Tennis, 4.
Intention for further education: Wentworth Institute.
Ambition: Printer.

Wagner, Edna M.
Commercial Course. Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Ambition: Hairdresser.

Weeks, Cornelia
College Course. Hockey, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Dramatics, 2, 4.
Intention for further education: Smith College.
Ambition: Journalist.

White, Helen
Commercial Course. Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Joke Editor of *Chimes*, 4.
Ambition: Secretary.

Whittaker, Barbara
General Course. Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4, Captain, 3; Glee Club, 2.
Ambition: Dietitian.

Duffey, James J.
General Course. Vice President, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4.
Ambition: Athletic Director.

Flamand, J. C. Joseph
College Course. Glee Club, 4.
Intention for further education: University of Miami.
Ambition: Advertising Manager.

Gillis, Pauline E.
Commercial Course. Glee Club, 3, 4; Dramatic Editor of *Chimes*, 3.
Ambition: Private Secretary.

LaVange, Eugene
General Course.
Ambition: Journalist.

Stone, Donald A.
General Course. Assistant Manager Basketball, 3; Manager, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4.
Ambition: Radio Vocalist.

Whittaker, George
General Course. Football, 4; Glee Club, 4.
Ambition: Mechanic.

Editorials

DEMOCRACY IN THE SCHOOLS

The United States of America boasts of a "government, of the people, by the people, for the people." Although we have known nothing else but this form of rule, most of us are aware of how fortunate we are in being part of this great democracy. Our daily newspapers and radio broadcasts are constantly making us appreciate it with their reports of European conditions.

Self-government applies in our country. Should it apply in our schools? This is a question of great importance. We are constantly being taught how to think and reason for ourselves during our school training. Shouldn't we be given an opportunity to put our knowledge to practice before it becomes our only means for success?

As we approach the end of our school career, we find that we are constantly being given the opportunity to express our own ideas on varied subjects. The student takes a great interest in something he is given a chance to talk freely upon. The increased enthusiasm shown in the informal debates carried on in our senior classes alone shows that there is an appreciation of such opportunities among the students. Certainly the school should be the first place for us to put this freedom into practice.

The important question in regard to democracy in our school is, Should there be student government? Our own school does not use this system yet, but the day will probably come when we will employ it. Why shouldn't the student have a say in what is going on? He is much more apt to obey the rules and regulations set before him if he knows what they are all about. It stands to reason that the average pupil won't break the laws that he has made for himself. The occasional one that would get pleasure in being disagreeable and disobedient will whether there is student government or not. The only difference is that ordinarily the other students will admire his boldness in defying his superiors, whereas in a democratic system he would be looked down upon and probably taken care of adequately by the students themselves.

We are taught how to read, write, and think for ourselves in our years of training. Shouldn't we be given an opportunity to act for ourselves? Schools are molding machines for future citizens of the country. The best way to prevent un-American ideas from entering the minds of the young people is to give them every possible chance to exercise their democratic rights. Democracy in our schools will stabilize democracy in our country.

The Editor

GRADUATION — TO WHAT?

Eleanor Drake, '40

Our parents tell us that graduation always brought a pang, even in the golden days before the depression when there was an orderly world to look forward to. It represented the end of a happy period of life and the breaking of many pleasant associations. Somehow, what has seemed commonplace through habit assumes a fairer appearance when we are about to leave it. After working and playing with others in the school community for several years, it comes as a shock to realize suddenly that like so many others before us, we are about to be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

We face a different world than our parents did when they graduated. For us there is not the sense of security, the certainty of a job, and the easy faith in progress and achievement that conditions enabled them to possess. We look across the threshold and see great numbers of unem-

ployed, many of them well qualified but unneeded in our present sickly state of society. We note that able men in all political parties believe that government aid in this matter of employment will be necessary for a long time to come. There is the suspicion that here is a chronic disease requiring permanent treatment. We hear of others who have faced long delays and discouragement before getting a job in private industry — a job that often paid but half a wage after it was secured. Beyond all this we are disturbed by the harshness of many fortunate people toward the sincere seeker who has not obtained work, and most of all by some authorities who assure us that the whole question is overemphasized. The latter remind us of the genial generals who pat the soldier on the back before sending him into an extremely doubtful battle.

For those who are going to college, there is a respite from the world economic and military struggle. But, even within the cloistered walls of college, must be heard the clamor of political and economic contention. A few years in college should mean a better preparation for the inevitable issue that has been postponed but not escaped. For, perhaps no preparation, no matter how excellent or thorough, can protect us if injustice is at the root of present-day society. It seems likely that we must eventually stand or fall together and that a new world must be built when the present storm is over.

These questions are of more immediate importance to us if we are not going to college. In that case, our need for a job is imperative now. We cannot wait for a new world order. We must eat from day to day. I realize that with youth on our side most of us will get a start. It will possibly be in a field we would not ordinarily choose, a field that is not too overcrowded. That must be our dominating thought. It is likely that our children, a generation from now, will graduate into a world that has once more been stabilized and restored to sanity.

We are not afraid and we shall continue to hope, but we have some misgivings as we look through the high school graduation arch into a grim world of war and economic unrest — a world that may be filled with promise, but has hidden its rainbow under a smoke screen.

If it happens that the future should turn out much better than we might expect from present conditions, well and good, that would be our wish. But to ignore the dark portents of the present would be to lack in observation. We do not have to despair or cringe before the fierce countenance of circumstance, but we can be forgiven for wishing that we might graduate into a sunny world of security, peace, prosperity, and plenty.

TIME

Virginia Chipman, '40

Perhaps of all the essays I have read, the one that seems most likely to be imprinted in my memory for keeps, is Arnold Bennett's — "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day."

It set me thinking of the various activities that the youth of today try to cram into one single twenty-four hours. In one sense of the word they accomplish so very much — and yet they barely touch upon the more important things of life.

For the majority, school plays a major part and consumes approximately six hours of the day — or one fourth of the time, for five days out of seven. It is not a matter of choice but rather a routine followed because — just because it is compulsory.

From nine to three you forget the outside world (at least the ambitious students do) and figuratively speaking, put your nose to the grindstone. By three o'clock you are dashing for the bus with enough homework to keep you from having too much sleep. But now comes the problem for some master mind — and he'll need more than paper and pencil to figure it out on.

It's Monday night — ; you have a theme for English, twenty history questions, six pages of Gregg, and a chapter of economics. If you were at all lucky, you got as far as dusting the cobwebs off your books before dinner. Then someone suggests a bit of assistance with the dishes (the joy of living exemplified) — and you very cheerfully splash in the dish pan. Next, your puppy demands his daily meal, and your young brother his favorite radio program. Time is flying fast — and at last you settle down to your books. The telephone rings at fifteen-minute intervals, — and you converse over the activities of the day. About then Dad comes home — and you just have to glance over the headlines and the front page news.

It isn't long before someone reminds you of the time—and you do have to get up in the morning; so with your homework half completed you climb the stairs. Your day is ended, and again you have'nt found time for letter writing, that special committee meeting, the sweater you are knitting, and that book you started reading months ago.

Your schedule just doesn't agree with your time, and you ask yourself why. You are told never to put off until tomorrow what you can do today — but you find yourself continually laying aside so very many important things.

It is very necessary to budget time and use it according to a planned schedule, for as Arnold Bennett says, "Out of it you have to spin health, pleasure, money, content, respect, and the evolution of your immortal soul."

Prize Winning Story

A SHORT STORY

Abbie Barnes, '42

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again on a school day."

TIMOTHY TUCKER was desperately chewing what was left of the end of a pencil. Of course, if it hadn't started raining at three o'clock in the morning, he could have been playing in that final baseball game instead of racking his brains trying to write a short story.

Ordinarily a short story wouldn't bother him because his mother wouldn't know he had to do it. The usual procedure was that he would write it at his leisure and offer excuses to the teacher until it was done. But this time the teacher would be his aunt and accordingly, dear Auntie would tell Mother all about Timothy's wonderful school work. Thus he was under the watchful eye of his maternal parent that rainy Saturday afternoon.

"Timothy," came his mother's voice from the living-room, "come here a minute, please."

"Now what," thought the boy, going to see what she wanted. He had been interrupted only about ten times that afternoon.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Would you go and get the card table set up, please?"

"All right," he answered, discouraged at everything in general.

When he came back, he sat down, wrote a few words, drew pictures all over the paper and finally threw it away.

"Darn the luck," he thought, as he doodled with his pencil. "Why does a guy like me have to get stuck with an aunt for a teacher? Doggone! It's bad enough to have any teachers at all, without making matters worse by having your own aunt. Course, you wouldn't mind so much if it were someone else's aunt. Gee! I s'pose the rest of the fellers haven't anything to think about except how to get on the best side of their parents just about warning card time. Anyhow, being my own aunt, she ought to know about how I'd write without going to all this bother. Oh, oh, guess I better sharpen my pencil. If I keep — ."

"Timothy."

"If I keep on sharpening my pencil," he thought, unheedful of Mrs. Tucker's voice, "why, she'll think I'm trying awfully hard. Wonder what the boys are doing!"

"Timothy Tucker," came the sharp voice, "you come here this minute. Do you hear me?"

"Yes'm, I'm coming," answered Tim. "For heaven's sake, how do you think a person can write a story, if you're going to keep interrupting him? Now what do you want?"

"I'm sorry I keep interrupting you; I'll try not to anymore. The girls are coming over to play bridge this afternoon, so why don't you go up to your room where you can concentrate better?"

"Guess I'll have to, with you women playing bridge."

"While you're about it, will you take these magazines up in the attic for me?"

"Uh, huh."

Timothy went up in his room, and after a bad case of restlessness, threw his pencil down, ripped up the paper, and tried to think of something pleasant to do. The rain was still coming down in torrents, more bad luck.

"Oh phooey!" he exclaimed. "I'm not going to bother with any old story for anyone."

"Oh my gosh!" he said after a few minutes' silence, "the magazines."

He went up to the attic, deposited the magazines, and began rummaging around the trunks among the old things that people like to save.

All was quiet up in the attic until fifteen minutes before dinner. Then Mrs. Tucker heard a pair of feet hustle down to the second floor and hustle back again. Just before they were ready to eat, Timothy came triumphantly and noisily down stairs.

"Here, Mother, read that, and if it isn't any good, I'm not going to write another one. Whew! What a job!"

"Well," she said, after she had read it, "I thought you could write something if you'd just get your mind off baseball and football for a change."

Monday morning Tim went to school with a light heart. Everyone had to read his story and when Tim started to read his, the teacher seemed surprised and was about to say something, but she didn't.

That night Tim's aunt came over and had quite a talk with his father in privacy. Timothy was about to go out-doors when his father asked him to come into the library.

"Now what do you suppose he wants?" thought Timothy with a choke as he entered the room.

"Timothy," said his father's stern voice, "did you happen to find an interesting story in the attic Saturday afternoon which was so good that you went so far as to copy it word for word and pass it in for a mark at school today?"

"Oh my gosh," thought Tim, "if he knows, I might as well tell him." Aloud he said, "Y-yes, but how did she find out?"

"Do you think that was exactly right?"

"N-no, sir, but how do you know, auntie?"

"Well, Timothy," replied his aunt, "I might never have known except that when I was a girl in high school, I happened to write it."

"Jumpin' Juniper, wouldn't you know it, with your own aunt for a teacher! Of all the luck!"

Prize Winning Essay

DON'T MOVE! CLICK!

Helen Poland, '40

WE are all more or less familiar with the intriguing business of having our photographs taken. The coming of the photographer to take the seniors' graduation pictures at school is an event long anticipated and long remembered.

On the appointed day the girls appear with their hair in soft lustrous waves or perhaps with it pasted into ringlets from a too-recent hair set. The boys are decked out in their Sunday best, never seen in school except on this date and perhaps the first day. Those who have always before seemed rather plain somehow manage to be beautiful for a day. It's a pity we don't have our pictures taken more often!

The teachers are most disconcerted by the absolute lack of concentration on anything so trifling as studies. Everyone watches his appointment come nearer with each tick of the clock and wonders which of the expressions he tried out in front of the mirror last night would look the best.

At last my time comes. I approach my doom with something of anxiety. The sight of the many and varied lights and machines and instruments is, to say the least, intriguing, and just a bit terrifying. The sickish smirk of the girl having her picture taken before me doesn't help much.

Finally the photographer is ready. I am led in among the maze of instruments and placed in a tiny chair. He surveys me from all sides with a critical air and then proceeds to get me into the right position. "Put your chin forward and your chest back," he demands. He insists upon this until I begin to feel like a giraffe, meanwhile assuring me that this is how the movie stars have theirs taken. "It can make a homely girl look beautiful," he adds, which is very comforting. "Now, don't move! Don't move! Shut!" This seems to be the signal for his helper to do something very important for he says it as if it were, "Ready! Aim! Fire!"

Now, for some reason or other photographers work with all their might and main to achieve a grin on their subject's face. To this end they resort to all sorts of supposedly-funny jokes and puns which they have obviously used since they started in the business. Somehow these don't affect me as they are intended to. On the contrary, they make me determined to be grim just for spite. He tries these tactics unsuccessfully for a while, winning only one teeth-showing for his efforts. In desperation, he murmurs, "You must put your *soul* in it!" Although not meant to be funny, this achieves the desired effect.

After repeating these maneuvers innumerable times, he announces that that will be all, assuring me that my pictures will be fine in spite of everything.

Did I say it is a pity we don't have our pictures taken more often? I take it all back — it is a blessing from Heaven!

Prize Winning Poem

"A SAIL WITH A LOBSTERMAN"

By James Welch, '41

Out from Scituate Harbor,
Past the lighthouse tall and grim
We head her nose for the open sea,
For a sail with "Skipper" Jim.

We pull the pots under Third Cliff,
As the white-toothed combers break;
And a "high line" haul as we shift,
Ten bobbin' buoys in our wake.

"Full speed ahead" to Shaugnissy's ledge,
As a "lubber" to starboard clings;
While white mists veil a peaceful shore
And the skipper a "chanty" sings.

It's a "heave" and "pitch" to port, Sir,
Where the bubbles break to foam;
To a tearing wind from the open sea,
The captain heads her home.

Oh, you may have "logged" the briny,
From old Spain to Yucatan;
Avast me hearty, you're a lubber until
You've shipped with a lobsterman.

ALWAYS FIGHTING

Gordon Page, '43

Dogs, cats, lions, elephants, humans, and all forms of living animals fight. You walk down the road and see a large dog forcing a small one back by sheer size and strength. Most people think little of this; but, after all, isn't that exactly what is happening to the weaker nations to-day?

There are many revolutions in the world. These are similar to family quarrels. Each group thinks it's abused or that it needs more power, and so people kill one another. A dog fight can be stopped by water, but war stops at nothing.

Men are killed by thousands, and people wonder if the world will ever be ruled by peace. This is a question which concerns everyone, for if each person in a country could be educated into believing war is wrong, the world would be like one big, happy family.

First, like a young boy, the world has got to take its spankings and learn from experience. If everyone, in the meantime, would take to heart the saying from the Bible: "Thou shalt not kill," the world would become a happier place in which to live. Until this point is reached, fighting, killing, and mourning will march on.

THE SWING CRAZY ERA

Jeanne Hendrickson, '40

The present day has been called the "Swing Crazy Era" because of the great popularity of this type of music. There are few places frequented that one doesn't hear the shrieking message of the saxophone. At this moment, swing seems to be rather a fixed feature, but where will it be one hundred years from now? We wonder!

Perhaps it has the rhythm that makes our feet tap, but it lacks the depth and the beauty of the old masters. Do the swing melodies survive? Only once in a great while. Usually a new song is made each hour to take the place of another syncopated tune that has passed on. People must at heart really prefer the folk songs, ballads and the classics, to these empty swing songs. We all can hear the true beauty in the melodies of Schubert, Brahms and Schumann; and what is more tantalizingly lovely than the strains from Gounod's "Faust"? But even on the great masterpieces, swing has been at work. For me, their beauty is spoiled when they are made into swing creations.

Music lovers have predicted that this modern form of music can not last, because it has none of the qualities which they associate with the finer types of music. Of course time will show; but I believe that, although at present it is in favor, its popularity can not last long. Although our generation may be very matter-of-fact, quality always counts more than quantity; and the world does recognize true beauty.

THE MOON

Douglas Willett, '41

As the moon rose high in the sky,
The trees in the forest wilds
Cast lengthy shadows on the ground,
Like ghastly figures moving round;
While animals searching for food close by
Soon left for their hidden homes,
Pausing and glancing with delight
To look at this strange and beautiful sight.

This queenly moon continued its ride
Up over the vast and starlit sky,
Not halting to rest in the heavens so gay
As it pursued its lone but destined way.
And floating down through the scattered clouds
It calmly bowed to the approaching day.

Ella Kerr

Cornelia Leith, '41

ELLA KERR was eating her lunch alone on the kitchen table, as she had eaten it each day for almost a year. She quietly peeled a boiled potato and stirred her coffee in its chipped china cup, as if she enjoyed the silence of the empty house. There is no denying that she found the quiet restful after the roar of the vacuum cleaner that had filled her ears all the morning. Ella was often tired nowadays and her regular Saturday morning's cleaning had left her exhausted.

The mid-day sun shone through the window where her house-plants stood. With weariness she saw that a few dead geranium flowers had fallen upon the worn linoleum. It can wait, she thought, but her inner soul cried out against such slovenliness. She placed her arm along the cool surface of the enamel table and bent over her coffee cup. But she saw again those flowers on the floor, and with a sigh she pushed back her chair and went for the broom.

Ella Kerr was, when she stood up, not very tall, barely five feet. She had bobbed grey hair which was continually falling into her eyes. She was wearing a flimsy, sleeveless dress, and it showed her flabby arms with the flesh hanging upon her bones. Her face was still smooth, but her features had changed in the last twenty years and she looked almost grotesque, in a kindly sort of way.

Since her youngest son, Tommy, had left, Mrs. Kerr had lived alone, rarely going out. Her lonely existence would have made many another woman melancholy, but Ella seemed to have some unfailing faith that relieved her boredom. Her husband, Willie, had died five years ago, leaving her a steady income from the insurance, and Mary, her eldest daughter, sent her money from Chicago. Ella never had to go without anything money could buy. But there were things money could not buy, and some of these things were companionship and the happiness of the past.

For Ella had been happy in the past. She had watched and cared for her five children as they romped in and out of the years. Then they had left her, one by one, and each departure had made her life less happy. First it was Mary, the career girl, and then George, answering the call of aviation. It had almost killed her when Jane had married. Willie and Ella had forbidden Jane to marry, but Jane had taken matters in her own hands and had run off with the fellow. Six months after her marriage, Matthew had been killed in an automobile accident. It was the shock of his death that had killed Willie, for Matthew had been Willie's favorite son, destined to be his successor in the grocery business. The two deaths had saddened Ella. There was only Tommy left to her and she was determined that he should never leave her. Then one autumn he did leave, for the university.

"I got to get an education, Ma," he said, pinching her tear-stained cheeks, "if I'm to run Pa's grocery business."

She had smiled then and sat down to wait for two years.

Perhaps she was thinking about Tommy or perhaps it was the crick she had got in her back bending over to pick up the dead flowers that made her face so pitiful when she came back to her lunch. Whichever it was, it must have been quite a few minutes before she realized that someone was blowing the horn of an automobile outside. She went out onto the porch, slamming the screen-door behind her. It was as if she had walked into a flood of sunlight. Sunshine streamed about her; the hot sun blinded her. She shaded her eyes and looked out across the dusty lawn to the stunted maples at the head of the driveway.

"Tommy!" she cried. "Tom!" Sobbing, she ran across to her son.

"Gee, Ma! Gee, you haven't changed a bit!" Tommy was tall and blond, and the sunlight made him a young god. "Ma, do you know what? I quit the university. Do you know why? Ma, do you know why?"

"No, Tommy. Why?" But she did know why. He was coming home now, for good.

"I've got a job." He stopped and looked at her. "Out at the West Coast. It's a swell job with an insurance company. Of course, I'm only a salesman, but I can work my way up. Lots of people have — Ma, Ma, you don't mind; do you?"

"What about the grocery business, Tom?"

"But, Ma, what could I do in this small town? Anyway Jack Crandell's running the business better than I could. Isn't he, Ma?" Ella said nothing. "Gee, Ma, I got to go get washed up. I got to leave in the morning."

Ella wanted to cry, but for Tom's sake she didn't. She just folded up her handkerchief and went into the kitchen. On the table lay her lunch dishes. She picked them up and stacked them in the sink. Then she walked over to her plants and picked up another dead geranium flower that had fallen to the floor.

The next morning Tommy left. Ella watched him go silently, not daring to hope. And when Tommy laughed and kidded her as he always had done, she told herself that he didn't know what he was doing, how he was hurting her. But why did he turn away so quickly after kissing her goodbye? He seemed almost embarrassed.

She stood on the porch, looking toward the road long after his car had disappeared. She should have been crying, but she couldn't cry. The numbness in her heart was unexplainable. The house only echoed her feeling. She heard for the first time her footsteps, and how they rang through the house. She felt her heart jump each time she entered a room and saw no one in it. She ran up the stairs to her bedroom as if to escape although the doctor had warned her and she knew she should not run. But the coolness of her room welcomed her. She lay down on her bed and began to sob.

REVELATION

Polly Soule, '40

A CLOUD of dust hung about the area of the camp-fire as thirty sleepy girls left to jump into their beds and drift off into peaceful oblivion. Two of the counselors lingered under the pretence of putting out the fire.

"Let's wait a bit," said Sally, holding the water-bucket but not displaying any intention of using it.

"I was just about to say the same thing," remarked her friend Ann. "It is too nice a night to go down to the camp-house; so why not stay here for awhile and just talk?"

"Excellent idea," returned Sally and, putting the bucket down, she joined her friend on the log near by.

For awhile the two girls sat side by side staring into the fire, carried away by their own thoughts. Soon the familiar notes of "Taps" floated down to them, and the girls came back to earth.

"It is a strange world we live in, Sally. Those same notes that bring the end of our day into actuality have sounded countless times for thousands of soldiers who died thinking that they were fighting the last great fight, and that peace and democracy would be preserved for their sons and daughters.

"It is hard to realize that a few thousand miles away from us another bit of gruesome history is in the making. I wonder what those poor men are fighting for this time. Let's hope the leaders of this war aren't cruel enough to tell them they are fighting the last great fight to save mankind. Something ought to be done to bring about peace through different means than this uncivilized way of taking human lives."

"You are perfectly right, Ann, but don't you think affairs in the world today are in such a condition that it would be impossible for an agreement to be made without some bloodshed? This Twentieth Century of ours, the great age of mechanism, is fine, but when it comes to making machines out of human beings, I begin to wonder about it all. Living in a democracy as we do, we don't come in close contact with this ruthless machine they have developed across the waters. Communism, fascism, and all the other 'isms' have been making human beings into mechanisms. People can no longer think for themselves over there. It is miraculous as well as horrible to know that thought can be so controlled that one person can have complete power over the masses. If thought is so governed, it is easy enough to see how war can be started. Those people don't know what is really happening. They think only what their leaders want them to think.

"We can't put our finger on the reasons why this war is going on. Of course there are the direct ones that are perfectly obvious, but that isn't what really counts. In order to prevent another war in the next quarter century, we must find out all the factors which brought about this one. But even then, probably new ones will crop up as in this case. The only thing that will save another war is an understanding among all nations. Not only that, but people have got to have enough foresight to talk over things reasonably with one another and bend over backwards once in a while to help the other fellow out."

"That is something that is really worth thinking about. Not only is that true in the case of wars, but we can put it to a more practical use right here and now. If we can only realize how much better things work out if we consider the other people involved as well as ourselves, we will find our own lives going more smoothly. Things like that will spread. If people see our lives so happy and peaceful, they will investigate; and in that way there is hope of bettering ourselves and others."

(*Continued on page 27*)

THE TERROR OF RUSSIA

Elmer Burrows, '41

STELLA BORODOFF was a poor Russian peasant woman. She and her husband, Edouard Borodoff, who had been a Russian spy during the World War, lived in a little wooden hut that had been standing since the Russian Revolution. They had only two rooms: a kitchen, and a bedroom which also served as a storeroom for the meager provisions the poor couple could gather together for the long bitter winter.

By December, a supply of wood and a few boxes of food took up half of the bedroom space. The old, rusty, double bed filled the rest of the small room.

In the kitchen Stella was talking with Edouard. "Edouard, why do you expose yourself so much? You know the O.G.P.U. will arrest you the minute you are seen by their agents! I need you, my husband. The winter is going to be hard. I know how the winters are near Petrograd."

"Ah, Stella! Be not so frightened! I will take care. Do you not realize how great is our need for food?"

"But yes, Edouard; yet I would rather have you than all the food in great Russia." Love for her husband showed on her peasant face every time Stella addressed him.

"It is right that I go, dear, but I will take precautions. Do not fear. We must go to bed now; it is very late."

Edouard was asleep soon, but Stella could not close her eyes for a second. She thought only of the O.G.P.U., the terror of Russia. Suppose some one should come to take Edouard away? Would she survive the terrible hardships of the winter? And what of *him?* Stella meditated for over an hour; then she sank into slumber.

When she awoke the next morning, Edouard was out of bed. Pulling a faded blue robe around her, the little peasant woman walked into the kitchen, which was warm from the wood fire in the stove. Edouard wasn't there either. On the table she found a note, written in his poor, clumsy hand:

"My Stella,

Please do not worry about me. I have gone to Petrograd for more food.

Your Edouard."

Stella was in a frenzy of fear all morning. Noon came, and still Edouard had not returned. She was preparing a small portion of mutton broth when suddenly a knock sounded at the door. Stella's heart jumped. "Here is Edouard now," she thought and went to the door with a smile on her face. She was greeted, however, by a strange group of men who wore uniforms. Stella gasped — uniforms of the O.G.P.U.!!

A tall man who seemed to be the leader stepped forward.

"Does Edouard Borodoff live here?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?" His sharp eyes scanned the room for a sign of Edouard and then fell on the table, set for two.

"He—he is away. He is not here."

"Then why have you two plates on the table? Tell me the truth, or we will find out some other way!"

Stella tried in vain to think of an excuse with which to trick the soldiers.

Getting no reply to his question, the officer ordered two of his men to search the bedroom. Since they could find nothing, he gruffly told Stella that they would wait; and together, the police seated themselves in front of the warm stove to begin a wait which was to last a long time.

Stella was trembling all over, worrying, waiting, and praying for her husband! She knew that the O. G. P. U.—the secret police—would remain until Edouard returned. They were determined to get him for some reason that Stella did not know. What could she do? It was agony waiting for that door to open and to see Edouard walk into the clutches of the waiting men.

Suddenly Stella remembered the pistol that her husband had used in the war. He always kept it under the straw mattress that lay on the bed. She would drive them out of the house with it; and, if they did not go, she would kill them—every one!

While the police were laughing and talking near the stove, Stella crouched in a corner and formed a plan in her mind. She gathered the details together and then sat down to wait.

The hours dragged by. The sun went down and the moon came up. It began to get colder as the winds howled around the house.

The silence inside was disturbed only by the occasional refueling of the wood stove. Some of the police were asleep in the chairs. One was sprawled on the floor with his coat drawn over him to escape a draft that came in through a small hole in the wall. Stella sat in the corner with her eyes glued on the floor.

She thought she heard a rustling sound outside. Was it the wind, or was it Edouard? Straining her ears, she heard the sound again. Then there was a feeble knock on the door. Although half asleep, the soldiers heard it, and the leader jumped up and went to the door.

He opened it cautiously, and Edouard fell onto the floor—frozen to death.

MILITARY OBJECTIVE

William Bradlee, '42

The man gazed longingly to where his son and the boy's dog lay side by side. The boy stayed quite still, and the dog never attempted to move, two symbols of innocence in a world gone mad.

Not long before they had been playing in the afternoon sun. They were harming no one, not even thinking of any one but themselves. Suddenly the sun was blotted out by huge bombers which cast monstrous shadows on the two at play.

A bomb was released from one of the death birds. It blew the playmates' home to bits. A huge piece of timber struck the boy full on the head. He fell as a sack of sand might. The dog ran barking to his side. The boy never moved.

The death bird laid another egg to be followed by several more. One struck the little Scottie dog which stood faithfully by his master.

Yes, the boy and the dog lay quite still. They had not seen the headline of the paper as the father had. They had not read the report of the bombing of "military objectives" as he had. Softly the man muttered, "Some one shall pay for this, and then I shall join you."

If you should go through a small town in Finland today, and if you should pass near the cemetery, you might see three graves there. It would not be the beautiful sculpture on the stones that would make you stop and think. It would be the inscriptions on the stones: on the first, "A. Benderson, Jr. died January 17, 1940 . . . Military Objective"; on the second, "Floppy Benderson, died January 17, 1940 . . . Military Objective." The third somewhat more impressive, ran, "A. Benderson, died February 22, 1940 during heroic action at his post of anti-aircraft defence in which he shot down four enemy planes."

The three lay side by side none attempting or wishing to move from his eternal peace.

ON NEWSPAPERS

Robert Holland, '40

A newspaper is one of our American institutions. It is composed of pulp from New England spruce and a large amount of printer's ink.

Take the average metropolitan newspaper. It has a daily issue of approximately thirty thousand, and an average cost of two cents per copy.

The editorial and printing offices must be located in a central part of the city and must be in direct contact with all parts of the globe, by telegraph, telephone, radio, teletype and telephoto machines. In addition to reporters on the main staff, there must be foreign correspondents and connections with such institutions as the Associated Press, as well as special dispatches sent in by reporters in different cities in the United States.

The editorial room close to press time looks to the uninitiated like an insane asylum. The editors are listening to about four telephones and an interoffice communicator at the same time, while reading proof from the copywriters. Office boys are running around waving telegrams and carrying messages. Copywriters are pounding frantically on typewriters. Reporters are dashing in with last-minute news of a big fire or robbery. Someone else is rushing to the teletype machine and rushing out again, waving a piece of yellow paper with news of the war in Europe.

Finally, fifteen minutes before press time, the proofs go to the chief editor. He hurriedly scans them for mistakes, and, in ten minutes more, they are on their way to the presses. When they start to roll on time, everyone draws a breath of relief and lights up a cigarette, congratulating himself on having once more beaten press time.

The first papers off the press are brought in by an office boy and are read, still damp, by everyone in the office. Each reporter finds his story and looks to see how much space it got.

In a few moments the newsboys are shouting:

"Wuxtry! Wuxtry!"

"Read all about it!"

"All about the big robbery on ——— street!"

"News from the front, hot off the press!"

"Paper here!"

And all this from a few spruce trees cut in the freezing northwoods by Swede axemen who probably can't read English, and a few crystals of a black substance, discovered by some forgotten chemist, called printer's ink.

THE ZERO HOUR

Robert Spear, '41

THE seventy-two foot schooner yacht *Olympic* was slipping along quietly before a quartering wind into a glorious sunset.

"I don't like the looks of it, Sir," said First Mate Simpson to his superior.

"Don't like the looks of what?" snarled Captain Crawford, who was leaning against the wheel, gazing blankly at the horizon.

"That cloud formation to the south'ard," Simpson answered. "It looks to me like we're in for something."

"It does look queer at that," answered the captain. "Hustle for'ard to the radio room and get the weather report from the coast."

"Aye, aye, Sir," snapped Simpson as he hurried on his way.

The captain resumed his stance at the wheel and looked at the clouds.

It was not long before Simpson returned with the report and a long look on his face.

"What does it say?" inquired Crawford.

"It says that the tornado that just whipped across the Keys is headed this way—fast!" exclaimed Simpson, "which means a waterspout, out here!"

"That's bad," mumbled Crawford, "that is—it's bad if it hits us."

"I know that," returned Simpson. "Remember the *Georgie*? Her deck and topsides were ripped right off of her by a waterspout!"

"Tell Sparks to keep us posted on it," ordered Crawford.

As Simpson departed, the ship's clock struck one bell.

"What's up, Joe?" inquired a new voice, that of the owner of the *Olympic*, Herbert Torrey. "I heard you and the mate, and I wondered if anything was wrong."

"Everything's all right—at least now," answered Crawford. "I don't know how it will be a little later. The coast just reported a tornado's headed this way. You can see it to the south'ard now. It doesn't look any too promising."

"Wouldn't it be exciting if we did get tangled up in a waterspout?" questioned Torrey, quite a landlubber.

"It's beginning to blow," remarked Crawford. "It won't be long now. We better batten the hatches and clear the decks."

"Not yet," answered Torrey. "We may not get it at all."

Torrey wasn't much of a seaman when it came to a real emergency, but he was stubborn and Crawford knew better than to argue with him.

"It's his own funeral," muttered Crawford as Torrey sauntered for'ard. "He'll learn—in time."

By five bells, the wind had risen in pitch and sounded with high crescendo over the dark, whitecapped sea. It was growing much darker now, and the moon was hidden behind formless, shifty clouds.

By seven bells, the waterspout could be made out by Crawford, Simpson, and Torrey as they stood grouped around the wheel.

As the ship nosed into a heavy sea, a shout from Sparks, the wireless operator, emerged through the hatch and Simpson went to see what it was all about.

"The radio's gone on the blink," shouted Simpson to Crawford.

With no contact with the coast, the *Olympic* with its four occupants seemed like a piece of paper on a heaving sea. The Gulf Stream, a stiff wind, and a waterspout all combined against the small craft to make a formidable foe. Besides the fact that the radio was dead, they were thirty-four miles from shore, the nearest port being Miami.

The waterspout could be plainly seen as it approached, headed straight for the *Olympic*.

"Batten the hatches!" ordered Crawford.

Simpson immediately carried out this command.

"What will happen if it hits us?" inquired Torrey, a little uneasy.

"Oh," began Crawford, "——

"Plenty!" ejaculated Simpson. "A waterspout isn't a very healthy playmate."

"Well, what had we better do?" asked Torrey.

"There's nothing you can do," returned Crawford, "only hope and pray it doesn't hit us."

Less than three miles away, by now, the waterspout held its course. Four helpless men on a small yacht, against a force of nature so great

as to lift tons of water from the ocean and make them into a whirling column—that was the situation in a nutshell.

It wasn't long before the spout was within a half-mile from the *Olympic*. With apparently no relief in sight, the men abandoned themselves to their fate and started saying goodbye to each other. The ship's clock struck eight bells, midnight, the zero hour.

"It won't be long now," said Captain Crawford; "the *Olympic* was a good ship, and I hate to see her go. At least I can go down with her."

"Many a good year have I spent on her," said Simpson, the mate; "she's practically a sister to me now."

"It cost me a lot of money," Torrey said, "but it was worth it."

Sparks was silent. He stood motionless, gazing fixedly at the spout. All at once it seemed to drop down to the sea and disappear. That was, indeed, the case, and before long, the wind subsided, the *Olympic* was safe, and her four occupants fell to their knees and thanked God for their safety.

In another hour, the seventy-two foot schooner yacht *Olympic* slipped along quietly before a quartering wind away from a glorious sunrise.

THE DISSECTION OF A MUSICIAN'S HEAD

Jean Cole, '40

After reading Addison and Steele's essays, "The Dissection of a Beau's Head and A Coquette's Heart," I began to wonder what would be the contents of other heads were they examined. Now although I am not a surgeon, and do not even profess to be interested in the science of surgery, it was soon my good fortune to be called in by a friend of mine who was about to dissect a musician's head. Having been associated with musicians all my life, I was very curious to see what strange things were in their craniums.

It was with great interest that I watched my friend remove the top of the skull and reveal the most fascinating sight. Little musical notes popped out and filled the room with their tones. We tried to capture them but they eluded us.

Inside the head were many little pockets. These were filled and overflowing with everything musical. I saw G strings, A strings, gut strings, and wire strings. Out of one little pocket, a director's score for a Haydn Symphony protruded. G clefs, sharps, flats, and naturals were carefully concealed in another little niche. Scales, appeggios and exercises—all were tied up in a neat bundle, ready, I supposed, for some future use.

Then there were four or five pockets with miniature musical instruments of all kinds in them. One was full of woodwinds—clarinets, oboes, and flutes. Another contained the string section—the violins, cellos, violas, and big bass viols. The brass section occupied the next pocket with tiny cornets, trombones and horns. Baby drums, cymbals, and a piano also could be seen.

The owner of this head had obviously been a symphony orchestra leader, for last but not least, we found a diminutive baton tucked away in a crevice.

"This is the most extraordinary head I've ever examined," exclaimed my friend.

Suddenly I noticed a little inflamed place on one side of the skull. As I pointed it out to my friend, he gave it a quick glance and then gave a shout.

"That's what we've been looking for! That bruise is where swing music has worn on the nerves of this real music lover! It has worn so constantly that at times he must have been quite violent. Poor man! How he must have suffered! Every time he heard swing, this place must have given him a severe headache. This will prove what we have been trying to prove—that swing music does have an effect on the real music lovers of this world."

The investigation was over. As I turned to go, my friend said, "You must come over again when I have another interesting head to dissect."

I made a mental note to be on hand at the next dissection and bade my friend "Goodbye."

AT THE FIRESIDE

Edward Anderson, '41

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little daughter sits me near,
And begs to hear of things that were
When I was little, just like her.

Oh, tiny lips, you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering;
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago.

Again I by the fireside sit
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him to tell me what did he
When he was little, just like me.

FIELDS IN MARCH

Cornelia Leith, '41

Rows of dead cornstalks, broken and bent,
Go marching like soldiers through the mud.

Through the mud, past long-forgotten snow,
Into the mist they go, to hide their broken
shame.

Long, brown corn fields stretch to the horizon,
Wet and sodden, cold and bleak.

Yet under the mud, the ice and the snow,
Lies the seed of new grasses, and the green
of a new spring.

Class of 1941

Robert Spear

IN THE fall of 1939, the Class of 1941 returned once again to the Scituate High School to resume its studies. Needless to say there was a feeling of importance among the pupils at having reached the third milestone. The class established itself in the study hall, and immediately settled down to another one hundred eighty days of routine school work.

Shortly after becoming acquainted with school life once more, the class held its annual election. Charles Jarvis, who incidentally was a newcomer to the class, was chosen president. The job of vice-president was placed on the shoulders of Jerome Crowley. Mildred Taylor was elected secretary, and Douglas Willett, for the third successive year, was chosen treasurer. In order to have someone to fall back on, should our able powers of self-government fail us, we selected Mr. Stewart as class adviser.

When we were completely established as the Junior Class, we noticed other newcomers in our midst, Edward Anderson and Kenneth Vining.

As time passed, the season of hockey and football came upon us. The hockey team could certainly not have got along as well as it did, if it had not been for the Juniors on the team. Those who received letters, Mildred Taylor, Polly Sylvester, Eudora Bartlett, Doris Anderson, Eleanor Jenkins, and Sally Leith, could well have made up a complete team by themselves. The football team, as you all know, also had a very successful year. We cannot give too much credit to the Juniors in the lineup. William Schultz, John Fallon, Edward Anderson, Jack Shone, and Robert Whittaker, Manager, received letters for upholding the prestige of the Scituate High squad.

As the last cheers for the football eleven died away, the Juniors busied themselves preparing for their dance, one of the important social functions of the year. This event was held on December 15 in the gymnasium. "Sweet" and "swing" music was furnished by "The Esquires." The committee deserved the praise it received for putting it over so well.

After the Christmas vacation, the main topic of discussion was basketball. Mainstays on the boys' team were Alden Mitchell and Robert Whittaker, while the girls' team depended on Polly Sylvester, Eudora Bartlett, Mildred Taylor, and Constance Wade for many of their wins.

(Continued on page 35)

Class of 1942

Abbie Barnes

THIS large, dynamic class began the school year with light hearts. The faculty overflowing with a desire to instruct such an illustrious group, and we being tremendously anxious to acquire some learning, everything was harmonious.

After getting adjusted to our books and the hard seats, we had a class meeting. The following officers were elected: Everett Dorr, president; Edward Gilchrist, vice-president: Julia Brown, secretary: Tom Calkin, treasurer; Mr. Gillespie, class adviser. Thus, with these capable and efficient officers, we have proceeded.

At the beginning of the year we had the pleasure of receiving three new classmates. They are Maribeth (Polly) Norton, Jean McKenzie, and Donald Sullivan. We had the misfortune of losing Gladys Ellms, who had been our classmate all through the previous school years, when she moved to "Virginny."

Oh! We had another new pupil a few weeks ago. It was while Mr. Gillespie was sick. Her name was Bridget Mulligan, and the peculiar thing about her was that she came only to algebra class and as suddenly as she had come, she mysteriously disappeared. It is rumored among Mr. Gillespie's algebra students that she is still around.

Our class has been well represented in all sports of the year. Our football heroes who earned their letters are Dana Condit, Everett Dorr, Tom Fitzpatrick, Danny Duffey, and Richard Damon. The girls who earned their hockey letters are Ardemis Basmajian and Joan Cole. Ardemis is a wonderful goalie, and Joan keeps the opposing team from crossing the fifty-yard line too often. These girls also won letters in basketball along with John Brown, John Fitts, Louis Rouleau, Everett Dorr, and Richard Mahoney.

On March 15 we had a combined social with the freshman class. Four people were elected from each class to serve as a committee. Jerry Cahir, Edward Gilchrist, Everett Dorr, and Tom Calkin were chosen from our class, and with the freshman committee they ran a successful dance.

For scholastic achievements George Williams, Barbara Murphy, Richard Franzen, Edward Gilchrist, Polly Norton, Warren Sylvester, Bette Hattin, William Holland, and Abbie Barnes have been on the honor roll. Receiving honorable mention were Dorothy Bates, Richard Mahoney, Christel Joneleit, and Nancy Parker.

And the end of this school year finds us two down and two to go.

Class of 1943

Joan Rouleau

THIS fall began high school days for the Freshman Class. All pupils seemed excited with the beginning of another school year. We started the day with a class meeting. The following officers were elected: President, Richard Willett; Vice-President, Francis Anderson; Secretary, Joan Rouleau; and Treasurer, Matthew Miles. Mr. Sandberg was chosen class adviser.

We have welcomed two new pupils into the class, Howard Tindell from Long Island and Helen Gilligan from Pembroke. Helen Litchfield left in February for Florida and returned in March.

Several Freshman girls participated in the gym assembly which was held in the latter part of February.

The Freshmen and Sophomores held a joint social on March 15, 1940. The committee of Freshmen was as follows: Howard Tindell, Francis Anderson, Patricia Crowley and Robert Hendrickson.

The honor roll for the first three marking periods has included the following freshmen: Honors, Patrick Butler, Marjorie Hattin, Maria Mansfield, Matthew Miles, Gordon Page, Joan Rouleau, Frances Williams. Honorable Mention, John Billings, George Burrows, Patricia Crowley, Mary Hersey, Martha Lavoine, Frederick O'Neil, Dorothy Secor, Helen Stark.

Song Titles

Buff Anderson—"Little Man You've Had a Busy Day"
Martha Lavoine—"Little Red Fox"
Mary Hersey—"Marylou"
John Billings—"Love Is Just Around the Corner"
Frances Williams—"Oh, Johnny"
Donald Dwyer—"I Must See Annie Tonight"
Jean MacNeill—"Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair"
William Mahar—"Steamboat Bill"
Anne Steverman—"Are Ya Havin' Any Fun?"
Matthew Miles—"Wizard of Oz"
Genevieve Wilder—"Chatterbox"
Virginia Dubois—"I'm Falling in Love with Someone"
Howard Tindell—"Darn That Dream"
Richard Willett—"Margey"
Joan Whorff—"Hold Tight"
Helen Litchfield—"Scatterbrain"
Patricia Crowley—"Somebody's Sweetheart"

DOWN JUNIOR HIGH LANE

Lois Heard, 8A *Robert Rouleau, 8B*

When school opened this fall we were happy to have some new members: Mary and Margaret Divine and Doryce Nadalna. Mary McCormack was gladly received back again with us. Russell Murphy and Elizabeth Todd left.

Our English work has been most interesting. In mathematics we have been studying simplified geometry, banking, stocks and bonds, indirect measurements, and are now beginning algebra. Geography is more detailed than that which we had in the seventh grade.

Parl Carter of our class received high honors. The honor roll is as follows: Marguerite Bartlett, Muriel Bonney, Richard Bresnahan, Rose Marie Downie, Theodore Holland, Fay Joseph, Catherine Peirce, Lyman Preston. Those who received honorable mention are Mary McCormack, David Quinlan, Robert Rouleau, Roger Zollin, Patricia Lovewell, Shirley Huntley, Frank Hall, Marilyn Damon, and Jean Cole.

Together with the seventh grade we gave a hobby exhibit. About sixty students exhibited their hobbies. Enough interest was aroused to start a hobby club in woodworking, soap carving, crayon stencilling, photography, and others.

Several girls participated in the gym exhibition; Billy Bates was our only boy contestant.

Seventh Grade Class Notes

Pauline Hardwick 7A *William Soule 7B*

The people on the honor roll in Grade 7 are Kathleen Brown, Ora Brown, Pauline Hardwick, Anne Butler, Carmel Manning, Ann Page, Robert Rencurrel, William Soule, Emily Whittaker, Sylvia Shapiro, Shirley Litchfield, George O'Neil, and Thomas Macy.

The following seventh grade pupils have been on the honorable mention list at some time during the year: Kenneth Stone, Richard Jenkins, Charles Stenbeck, and Henry Zollin.

New students in the seventh grade this year were Vincent Anastasia, Arthur Eaton, and Dorothy Parker.

Those leaving were Alice Servant, Lillian Spear and Teresa Spear, and Dorothy Parker.

Miss Maxim, who has been ill, has returned to her teaching. The seventh grade missed her very much and was glad to see her back again. Mrs. Robert O'Hern substituted for her, and we all enjoyed her very much and appreciated her work and efforts.

The seventh grade made a class booklet on "Treasure Island." Illustrations were contributed by the members of the class. Earlier in the year we made Pilgrim Booklets based on the lives of Miles Standish and John and Priscilla Alden.

In geography we have made booklets and posters as we took make-believe trips to far-away lands. Some of the pictorial booklets were about Africa, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan and Australia. Maps, pictures, and stories were included.

In mathematics we have studied diameter, fractions, area, interest and also graphs.

In history we made posters concerning the development of the Civil War and have also learned some of the simpler documents such as the Preamble of the Constitution.

The seventh grade girls' and boys' art classes have made different types of murals and have drawn and colored posters.

The girls in the seventh grade have played hockey, basketball and have had indoor exercises. The majority of these girls took part in the gymnastic assembly by jumping rope. This took place on February 29, 1939, the same day that the boys performed. Under the direction of Mr. Stewart they gave an excellent physical education exhibition. Among those who made it interesting by adding humor were George O'Neil, James McCarthy, William Dacey, and John Jenkins.

The football season was very unsuccessful for the 7B division. At the end of the season they held two games. Half of each division played the other half.

Revelation

(*Continued from page 19*)

Although the fire had slowly dwindled into ashes, the moon had crept up over the hill and was now splashing the trees with patches of silver and lending an air of enchantment to the wooded paths. When the two girls left each other for the night, their hearts were a little more full and their minds a little more clear. They had had a glimpse into the future, and they began to realize that they were going to be bound together in bonds of friendship and co-operation to do their part to make this world one of peace and fellowship.

THE "SCITUATION" IN SPORTS AT S. H. S.

Sherman Gates, '40

CLIMAXING the super-successful season in S. H. S. football history, the blue and white bombshells of Scituate emerged district champs and runners-up in state honors for their class. A review of this corner of sports should do honor to the "mighty mites" who have thus compiled a record which might well be coveted by any team in the state. To the skeptics who refuse to be moved by such glittering generalities I give the colorless, indisputable record of statistics. The Scituate team participated in 18 straight games without a setback. Not a single point has been scored through their line in three years. This year only five first downs were scored against them. They scored eight times as many points as were scored against them. They averaged 17 points a game. The opposition gained an average of 10 yards a game. These accomplishments should rank with those of any high school in the country.

Scoring in the last minute of their initial encounter with the Alumni to nose out a 14-7 win, the local lads went ahead to completely annihilate the Boston Farm and Trade School, which had given them their hardest game the previous year. Yet these two preliminaries were but a prelude to the game they wanted above all others to win.

The Cohasset game to which I refer, had for three years marred the perfect records of S. H. S. teams, two by one-point margins of victory, and one by a scoreless tie. But this year the local contingent was not to be so easily thwarted by what seemed a powerful hex. Before the whistle for the half had been blown, the local lads had rolled up fourteen points, and Cohasset's highly-vaunted backfield was very unceremoniously bottled up as the big Scituate line broke through, time after time, to spill them for large losses. To the many seniors on the team this overwhelming victory came as the greatest satisfaction of their football careers.

The following game with the Thayer Academy J. V. was as merciless a slaughter as one could care to see, the second and third Scituate teams playing the remaining part of the game after the first stringers had scored 25 points in the first quarter. This mild workout, however, had its bitter consequences, when 195-pound, backfield ace, "Bullet Bill" Schultz dislocated his elbow early in the game.

Sitting on the sidelines during the important Hanover game, Bill watched his mates, clearly the superior team, score an early touchdown but fail to convert. Hanover, an inspired team, passed their way down to a score, and when they failed to convert, the score was deadlocked at 6 all. The score did not change, but the local lads did not go down without a scrap. With time for one play "Evie" Dorr dropped back to the Hanover 10 to try for a field goal. The ball hovered uncertainly above the uprights, but dropped below the cross bar as the final whistle ended the ball game. Perhaps it was the not-uncommon let-down which Coach Stewart had so feared. However you explain it, the fact remains that the game ended in a tie, that Scituate could not take advantages of endless opportunities, but that they outplayed and outclassed their opponents. Perhaps there is a more subtle reason which only the boys can understand.

FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row: T. Fitzpatrick, G. Whittaker, Co-Capt. J. Duffey, Co-Capt. S. Gates, D. Condit, E. Dorr
Second Row: Coach Stewart, D. Duffey, J. Fallon, J. Shone, L. Mahoney, R. Whittaker
Third Row: W. Schultz, B. Russell, A. Hewett, E. Dorr, E. Anderson, R. Damon, A. Drew

The best of teams have a game in which things just won't click, but the measure of greatness of any team is its ability to bounce back after such a let-down. The following Saturday a Randolph team, which had beaten a highly-touted class C team the week before, came into Scituate anticipating an easy game. The Shoremen shone brilliantly, playing their finest football of the year and scoring three touchdowns to blank their opponents 21-0.

In the annual Thanksgiving Day classic the championship of the South Shore was at stake: a Scituate win was imperative if the locals were to successfully maintain their title. It is needless to say that both teams were pointing for a decisive victory, but another factor was to play a prominent part in the final outcome. A week before the game Dorr and Duffey, two of Scituate's most valuable men, were out with broken collar-bones, and two days before the game "Art" Drew, first team guard, was out with a bad cold.

In a perfect fall setting with 2000 fans lined up along the sidelines, Scituate kicked off to the green and white eleven which brought the ball back to midfield. On the very next play a Marshfield end got behind the Scituate secondary, and on completion of a long pass trotted into the end-zone for a score. The kick was blocked and the score stood 6-0. Stunned by this sudden setback, the sturdy Stewardians returned the kick-off to their own 40. Making first down after another, they bucked and battled their way to the goal line. Here Bill Schultz bulled his way into pay dirt to climax a beautifully-sustained drive. "Dynamite" Duffey rushed over for the extra point to give S. H. S. a one-point lead. Sparked and inspired, they refused to let up until they had scored another marker. With the count at 13-6 Marshfield passed its way down to the Scituate ten. Here an off-side penalty brought the ball to the five and it was at this point that Scituate called time. Shifting into a 5-3-3 defense mammoth "Moonie" Dorr, S. H. S. left wing, broke through on the following play to smear the passer for a 10-yard loss. This doomed their last touchdown threat and in the second half they were unable to get beyond the midfield stripe.

We cannot review a sport without commenting on those individuals that make up the squad.

Co-Capt. Jimmy Duffey, the diminutive dynamo of the backfield, climaxed his years of varsity ball in glorious fashion. Starring in every game, he could block, tackle, and run with the best and heaviest men in the circuit.

(Continued on page 39)

BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: A. Mitchell, P. Dolan, E. Dorr, Capt. J. Duffey, E. Dorr, R. Whittaker, F. Franzen
Second Row: L. Bonomi, Manager D. Stone, L. Rouleau, F. Sylvester, J. Brown,
R. Mahoney, J. Fitts, Coach Stewart

BASKETBALL

Before the roar of the Saturday's millions had even begun to subside, Coach Stewart was faced with deep concern for the chances of his 1940 quintet. When he learned that Doug Willet had failed to pass the necessary medical exam, he saw the shattering of any bright hopes for a very successful season.

Coach Stewart had planned to build his team around this lanky star of a year ago, but nothing was left but to try to fill the key spot as well as possible.

The season underway, the team sparked along to two surprising victories, but from this point they lost about as many games as they were able to win.

The best games of the year were played against the league-leaders, Hanover and Duxbury. In both of these games Scituate led at the half, but was forced to give way to superior height and experience.

The season was neither remarkable nor exceptional as averages go, but we can remember few "hoopsters" who have given us more evenly-matched and exciting basketball games.

The letter men are as follows: Ernest Dorr, James Duffey, Fred Franzen, Alden Mitchell, Phil Dolan, Fred Sylvester, Sherman Gates, Robert Whittaker, Louis Rouleau, John Fitts, Richard Mahoney, John Brown, Everett Dorr, Manager Donald Stone.

Basketball Record

Scituate	32	Alumni	24
Scituate	19	Pembroke	14
Scituate	33	Hanover	24
Scituate	25	Kingston	22
Scituate	18	Norwell	21
Scituate	34	Marshfield	33
Scituate	33	Duxbury	46
Scituate	16	Kingston	34
Scituate	13	Pembroke	32
Scituate	26	Hanover	36
Scituate	17	Duxbury	43
Scituate	26	Norwell	28
Scituate	33	Marshfield	20

BASEBALL TEAM

First Row: E. Dorr, A. Drew, R. Whittaker, J. Duffey, T. Calkin, L. Conte, S. Gates
Second Row: Manager J. Harrigan, J. Cahir, J. Brown, E. Dorr, R. Mahoney, Coach Stewart

BASEBALL

Boasting a first-rate pitching staff, the local lads opened their annual baseball season against Pembroke High. We did not predict a very successful season, but the "mighty mites" seem to be turning the trick and we welcome it as a pleasant surprise.

The presence of many seasoned veterans is a rarity in any baseball camp, and ours was no exception. We were not wrong, however, in predicting that the versatile "Evie" Dorr, the brilliant young sophomore who starred for the last two years, would be a stand-out on the mound and at the platter.

The veterans and promising rookies include Robert Whittaker, James Duffey, Everett Dorr, Tom Calkin, Ernest Dorr, Phil Dolan, Jerry Cahir, Art Drew, Bert Russell, Richard Mahoney, "Bub" Brown, Alden Mitchell, and Luciano Conte, who led last year's squad in batting and was third highest in the league.

Baseball Schedule 1940

April	24	Pembroke	Here	May	17	Cohasset	Here
May	3	Hanover	Away	May	24	Marshfield	Away
May	10	Duxbury	Here	May	29	Kingston	Here
May	14	Norwell	Away				

TENNIS TEAM

The tennis team opened the current campaign in a match with Braintree High. Three lettermen, Elmer Burrows, Dana Condit, and Richard Damon, are the trio of stars who are leading the tennis squad to one of its most successful seasons. These three lads have the punch and class that is giving S. H. S. an outstanding position in the tennis circuit. Let us not forget, however, that a great deal of credit goes to the other players, who are doing a great job in their first year.

Schedule

May	2	Braintree	Here	June	4	Weymouth	Here
May	28	Weymouth	Here	June	6	Braintree	Away

FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

First Row: D. Anderson, C. Brown, E. Jenkins, Capt. J. Crowley, S. Hill, M. Taylor, J. Cole
Second Row: Coach Whidden, E. Bartlett, B. Whittaker, S. Leith, A. Basmajian
Manager J. Cole, Assistant Manager E. Drake

Girls' Athletics

Jane Crowley, '40

FIELD HOCKEY

The unsung heroines of the girls' field hockey team this year hung up another successful season for S. H. S., winning six out of nine games. Successful field hockey teams have grown as common at S. H. S. as its highly remarkable football squads. But the girls go down with less glory, and with only the knowledge that they have done their best for S. H. S.

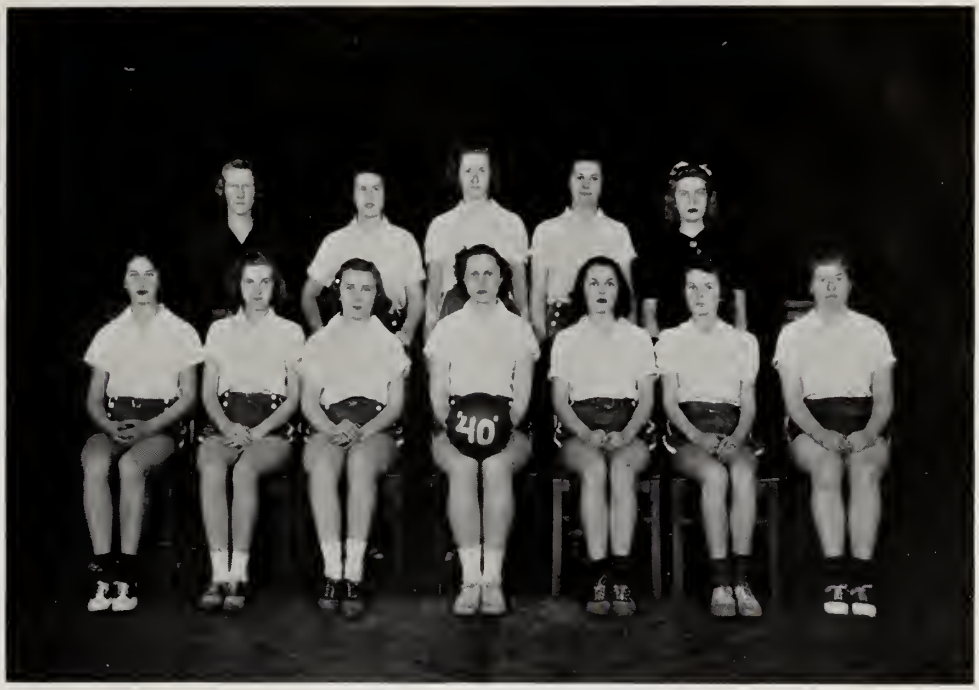
During the hockey season we defeated our worst rival, Hingham, in a very close contest, but lost our return match to them. Hanover, who had prided themselves on winning consistently all the year, went down at the height of their glory to S. H. S. for their only loss of the season. Many injuries to players were sustained and without doubt this accounted for our weakness in a few of the games. There were quite a few seniors on the squad, among whom was Suzanne Hill, the highest scorer for the year. The seconds did a fine job this season, and there will consequently be many good prospects for next year's team. Ever since the formation of the second teams, they have fared as well as, or nearly as well as, the varsity, and should receive due credit.

The lettermen in hockey were Barbara Whittaker, Pauline Sylvester, Suzanne Hill, Joan Cole, Cornelia Leith, Cora Brown, Eudora Bartlett, Doris Anderson, Eleanor Jenkins, Mildred Taylor, Ardemis Basmajian, Jean Cole, Manager, Jane Crowley, Captain.

The results of the games were as follows:

October				
6	*Braintree	0	Scituate	2
11	Plymouth	1	Scituate	0
18	*Marshfield	1	Scituate	1
25	*Hingham	0	Scituate	1
30	Hanover	0	Scituate	1
November				
1	*Plymouth	0	Scituate	2
3	Braintree	0	Scituate	0
8	Marshfield	1	Scituate	0
16	*Hingham	2	Scituate	0

* Home games



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: A. Basmajian, C. Brown, J. Crowley, Capt. M. Taylor, S. Hill, J. Cole, E. Bartlett
Second Row: Coach Whidden, P. Soule, C. Wade, B. Whittaker, Manager J. Hendrickson

BASKETBALL

In our attempt to put forth a championship team this year, we failed. There was an improvement over last year's record, but still the season was not altogether successful. We were handicapped by bad weather. For instance, before the Marshfield game we had no practice for over a week. In spite of this, we came out on top. In the Hanover-Scituate game, on our home floor, our girls did very well; we did not win, but we gave the "champs" a good game. The Duxbury game was perhaps the closest one. They won 10-9, but the game was even all the way. In our last game with Norwell, we came out on top and ended the season in grand style. But we pride ourselves the most on defeating the Alumni. When graduates leave Scituate High School, it sometimes seems that with them go all the good players; and for this reason, perhaps, we played our hearts out.

Our squad, for the most part, was made up of seniors. Barbara Whittaker, one of the senior members, was high scorer for the season and will be greatly missed next year. Throughout the year the guards did a very good job and deserve much praise.

The letter men in basketball were Mildred Taylor, Captain, Constance Wade, Polly Soule, Cora Brown, Ardemis Basmajian, Barbara Whittaker, Suzanne Hill, Eudora Bartlett, Pauline Sylvester, Joan Cole, Jane Crowley, and Jeanne Hendrickson, Manager.

The results of the games were as follows:

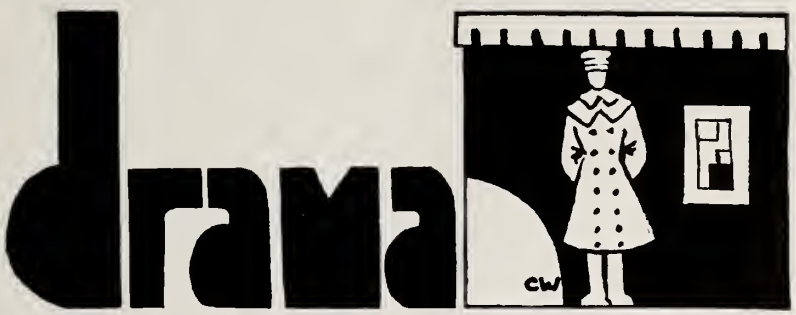
Pembroke	10	Scituate	19
Alumni	14	Scituate	15
Hanover	38	Scituate	14
Kingston	30	Scituate	18
Norwell	14	Scituate	8
Marshfield	29	Scituate	12
Duxbury	10	Scituate	9
Kingston	19	Scituate	25
Pembroke	12	Scituate	20
Hanover	28	Scituate	21
Duxbury	35	Scituate	20
Norwell	18	Scituate	25
Marshfield	13	Scituate	17

TENNIS

The tennis season started late this year on account of the weather. It is surprising to see how this sport has grown in popularity. As only one member of the team graduated last year, we should have a very successful season.

The remaining members of last year's tennis team are Suzanne Hill, Miriam Litchfield, Beatrice Nichols, Pauline Donovan, and Jane Crowley.

Candid Photographs by Samuel Kitrosser



Barbara Condit, '40

THE TRI-TOWN PLAYS

This year Scituate again competed with Norwell and Marshfield for the cup which is given annually for the best one-act play.

Norwell High School won the cup this year with their presentation of "The Kick-Off," a hilarious story of a fellow who had a hard time to keep his position on the football squad because of his scholastic record.

As Scituate's play was second by popular vote, the cast and Miss Harrington, the coach, deserve a great deal of credit. "A Psalm of Thanksgiving" was a clever and moving tale of a nurse who was a kleptomaniac. Hope Gurney was the elderly lady; Cecil Leith, a detective; Alden Mitchell, a station agent; and Barbara Condit, the nurse. Rachel Merritt was the prompter, and the stage effects were managed by Philip Dolan, Merrill Merritt, and Thomas Patterson under the direction of Mr. Sandberg.

Marshfield with a fine cast presented "Daniel Webster and the Devil," a well-known production.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

Our production this year was Louisa Alcott's "Little Women." The cast worked hard to fulfill the original description of the characters by Miss Alcott. Miss Harrington, our coach, selected the following cast:

Jo	Suzanne Hill
Meg	Jeanne Hendrickson
Beth	Helen Poland
Amy	Cornelia Weeks
Marmee	Polly Soule
Laurie	Arnold Hewett
Professor Bhaer	Sherman Gates
John Brook	Fred Franzen
Hannah	Cora Brown
Aunt March	Hope Gurney
Mr. Lawrence	Cecil Leith

Miss Colman and Miss Kingsbury helped the following Senior girls with properties and costumes: Jane Crowley, Eleanor Drake, Marguerite Fleming, and Barbara Condit. Jean Cole was prompter. Mr. Sandberg was ably assisted with the staging by Ernest Dorr, James Finnie, Fred Sylvester, and Bert Russell. Mr. Gillespie's ticket and publicity committee consisted of Donald Stone, Althea Dyment, Ernest Dorr, Jane Crowley, Barbara Whittaker, Rachel Merritt and Virginia Chipman.

The splendid co-operation of the entire class couldn't but bring about a successful production.

ASSEMBLIES 1939—1940

Barbara Condit, '40

During the school year we have had many assemblies that will stand out in our memories.

The most popular assembly is the annual visit of the Brockton Band, which this year came to us under the sponsorship of the Massachusetts Department of Education. The program given us on January 18 was dedicated to Stephen Foster and his compositions. A demonstration of various instruments proved beneficial to the students interested in orchestra.

On January 11 our assembly was a distinguished one. "Chief Fast Cloud" was our guest of honor. He told us many things about the lives of Indians and showed us many implements of war and other relics of interest which he claims our grandparents never saw and our grandchildren won't have the privilege of seeing.

November 2 brought one of our most interesting moving pictures. A representative of the Eastman Kodak Company showed us a film entitled "High Lights and Shadows" which gave us the whole life story of the camera and film.

Our yearly holiday assemblies were interesting. At Thanksgiving time we had a spirited football rally. This Christmas the music department gave a program featuring Christmas songs of foreign lands. The program included Santa Claus who brought a radio set with short wave and television. Major O'Connor, our Armistice Day speaker, presented a talk on our youth and how to keep out of future wars.

Mrs. Donald Pitkin of Scituate spoke to us during National Book Week on the "Companionship of Books."

We had the pleasure of a return engagement of last year's graduation speaker, Joe Mitchell Chapple. In his amusing talk entitled "The Day After Tomorrow" he gave us a bird's-eye view of our future.

This past September we returned to school to find a modern electric lighting system installed in most of our classrooms. Later in the year a representative from the Brockton Electric Light Company gave us an illustrated talk on the advancement of electric lights.

Mr. Pitt Parker returned to us this year with a crayon talk using symbolism in art and life as his theme in presenting "The Quest of the Beautiful."

A different type of assembly was put on by both the boys' and girls' gym classes. The boys' exhibit was for the most part tumbling, while the girls' exhibition showed various folk dances and Danish gymnastics. The Junior High School girls jumped rope and bounced balls to Strauss' music.

This year we were unfortunate in missing school the day "Bump" Hadley was to accompany the National League Baseball picture, "Touching All Bases." Later we had the picture but missed Mr. Hadley.

The Senior History Class took charge of an assembly this year. Members of the class wrote and produced a skit based on historical incidents and presented in the form of a radio broadcast. The third act, which had a Southern scene, was given via television.

At other assemblies we heard representatives of the Fisher Business School and the Massachusetts Nautical School. Along with the slides and films the representatives gave interesting talks on their respective schools.

A picture "The Charm and Beauty of Modern Textiles" proved beneficial to the Household Arts Classes. Another picture, a travel talk called "Sofari on Wheels," took us far into the jungle.

Our assemblies this year, as we look back on them, have been both interesting and educational, and we hope that those in the future will be as good as those of the past.

EXCHANGES

Mildred Taylor, '41 *Hope Gurney, '40*

We wish to thank those schools that exchanged yearbooks with us. We hope you enjoy our magazine as much as we have enjoyed yours.

Barnstable High School sent us two issues of the *Clipper*, November 1939 and March 1940. Your fine arrangement and material, especially "Joe Snoop," deserve praise.

We received the December issue of the *Eastoner* from Oliver Ames High School. The description of the World's Fair is particularly interesting and the set-up of your sports is very commendable.

The two issues from Roxbury High School for Boys were received. We liked the originality of your class notes. The Joke Editor did a good job, too.

We are exchanging with seven other high schools, but due to late publication we have not yet received their magazines.

Class of 1941

(*Continued from page 24*)

Juniors who have been on the honor roll this year are Edward Anderson, Eudora Bartlett, Marie Gillis, Robert Spear, Constance Wade, James Welch, and Douglas Willett. Doris Anderson, Betty Barber, Elwin Lane, Cornelia Leith, Merrill Merritt, and Kenneth Vining have received honorable mention.

As the year rolls on and thoughts of finals force their way into our brains, we, the Junior Class, look back contentedly at a successful year, knowing we have left our mark in the chronicles of the school, and we hope to leave an even better one on our graduation.

Chester Gurney, '39

1939

James Anderson is taking night courses at Northeastern.
Sydney Barber has entered the Army Air Corps and is stationed at the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark, N. J.
Maurice Bartlett is working at Shea's Garage.
David Colman is a freshman at Massachusetts State.
Joseph Driscoll is taking courses at Thayer Academy.
Angelo Foniri is a freshman in Boston College.
Madeline Duffey has entered Bryant & Stratton.
Ellsworth Litchfield is working at the Scituate Greenhouses.
Francis Litchfield is working in his father's garage.
David Murphy is a freshman at Brown University.
George Secor is working as a clerk at the First National Store.
Charlotte Turner is working at Sheehan's.
George Yenetchi is enrolled at Wentworth Institute.

Taking post-graduate courses at Scituate High are Anne Bailey, Alberta Cerilli, Robert Fleming, Chester Gurney, Bernard MacKenzie, Margaret Peirce, Walter Spear, and Nancy Wade.

1938

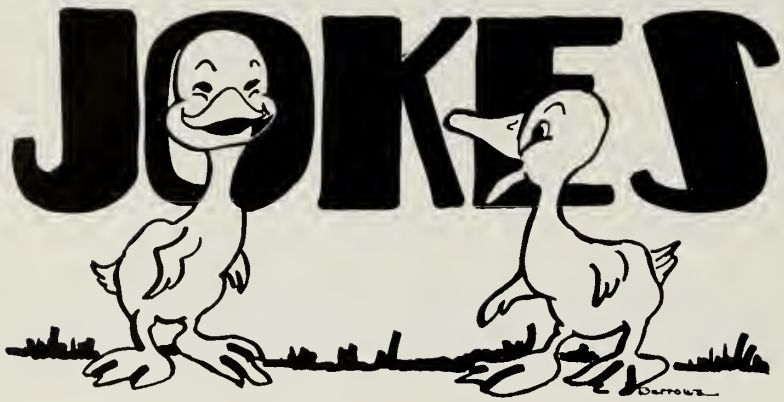
Bruce Arnold is working in Dorchester.
Henry Bearce is a clerk in his father's store.
Archie Damon is a sophomore at Bates.
John Driscoll is a sophomore at Tufts.
James Herbert is employed by Front Street Sales and Service Garage at Scituate Harbor.
Atherton Hewett is a sophomore at Boston University.
Nelson Kindlund is a sophomore at Duke University.
Edith Litchfield is employed by Mrs. Dill of Scituate.
John Queeney is a freshman at Lowell Textile Institute.
Betty Franzen works at the Playhouse, Scituate.
Rita Mahon is taking a post-graduate course.
Albert Zollin has joined the Marines, and is now stationed in South Carolina.

1937

Madeline Bailey is secretary to the Bailey Plumbing Company.
Bob Chessia is employed by Howard Young.
Helen Chicko is secretary to the District Nurse.
Libby Damon is employed by the Welch Company.
Vinny Elkind is a junior at Bowdoin College.
Tommy Ewell has joined the U. S. Navy.
Lawrence Gates is a junior at Rhode Island State College.
Herbert Hands is a junior at Mass. State.
Peggy Soule is a clerk in the Christian Science Publishing Co.
Joe Queeney is employed by his father.
Theodore Sorenson is working for the N.Y., N.H., & H. Railroad.
Esther Spear is secretary to William Wade.
Fenton Varney is a junior at Northeastern.
Jimmie Steverman is enrolled in Northeastern.
John Vinal is in the U. S. Navy.

1936

Chase Abbott is a mechanic at Front Street Sales & Service Garage at Scituate Harbor.
Gorham Brown is employed at the Quincy Gas Station.
Frances Fallon is married to Dr. Ward.
Billy Hendrickson is a junior at Mass. State.
Jimmy Hands is working in Connecticut.
Bobby Francis is working for the John Hancock Insurance Co.
Mary Sexton is secretary at S. H. S.
Henry Duval is a radio engineer in the U. S. Navy.



HELEN WHITE, '40 MERRILL MERRITT, '41

You would not knock
The jokes we use
Could you but see
Those we refuse

Miss Gile: "Who can give me a sentence containing the word 'insulate'?"

Bobby Spear: "At the breakfast table Ma said to me, 'How come you got insulate?'"

Mr. Sandberg: "Monty, get the rabbit plane."
Monty: "Which one?"
Mr. Sandberg: "The one with the long ears."

Dana: "How come you go steady with Milly?"
Evie: "She's different from other girls."
Dana: "How's that?"
Evie: "She's the only girl that'll go with me."

Charlie: "I'm afraid your make of car does not suit us. Polly can't reach the brakes and the steering wheel at the same time."
Salesman: "But, sir, the car is perfect. Why not try a new girl?"

Mr. Whitmore: "Buff, I'm only punishing you because I love you."
Buff: "Well, I wish I were big enough to return your love."

Queeney: "This is a very large skating rink you have here."
Crowley: "Yes, it has a seating capacity of ten thousand."

B. Kane: "I don't see how football players ever get clean."
B. Murphy: "Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

Miss Gile: "How is it you both have the same answer?"
Susy and Mim: "Well you see, history repeats itself."

Librarian: "What can I do for you?"
Stone: "I want to get 'Buried Alive' by Arnold Bennett."

Miss Gile: "Really, Elwin, it is terrible. You must learn to write better."
Lane: "Well, if I did, you'd be finding fault with my spelling."

Susy: "Where are you going with that clock?"
Sis: "Up to the top of the hill."
Susy: "What for?"
Sis: "To watch it run down."

Mr. Gillespie: "Harrigan, where's the decimal point?"
Harrigan (after erasing a decimal in a problem): "On the eraser."

Mother: "Kenneth, did you notice that woodpile?"
Kenny: "Yes, I seen it."
Mother: "Careful of your grammar, you mean you saw it."
Kenny: "No, mother, you saw me see it, but you haven't seen me saw it."

Coach: "Ardemis, have you taken a shower?"
Ardemis: "No, is there one missing?"

The "Scituation" in Sports

(*Continued from page 29*)

calling plays with nary a slip. He was a fine field general and a great teammate.

Co-Capt. "Mecca" Gates was one of the lads who ate, drank, and slept football. No one could love the game of football more than he. He sometimes expressed regret that his line was so strong, for in his position behind the line he had fewer tackling opportunities.

"Moonie" Dorr in our opinion was the greatest football player ever to don the blue and white. This powerful 175-pound end delights in crushing the bodies of brother or foe. He would rather play football than eat, and his fire and fight is an inspiration to his mates. Playing as a novice in the flank position, he broke through the line to drop opposing backs time and time again. On the end of several pass plays, he scored many important touchdowns. We salute this jolly juggernaut who this year completed four years of outstanding football.

Space does not permit us to pay the proper tribute to all of our outstanding seniors, who include Bert Russell, Art Drew, George Whittaker and Minot's Hewett.

Coach Stewart has produced year after year the leading football teams of the circuit, but the men on those teams have learned more than just football. They have learned that no game ever played is worth winning with any thing but good sportsmanship; that courage, spirit and determination are what make a football player. I might go on to describe the coach's quaint mannerisms and amiable smile so well-known by his associates, or his woeful pre-game lamentations which would make Gloomy Gil Dobie, ex-B. C. mentor, look like an optimist. But this might disturb his modest nature and we choose never to arouse the eagle. May I say for myself and the boys that we revere him as a personal friend.

The Citizens' Committee honored the local lads again this year, when on December 20 they tendered them a football banquet. We of the department take this occasion to heartily thank those who contributed and worked to make it such a success, for they gave these young men something which they will never forget, — as fond a set of memories as one could care to ask.

Lettermen for 1939 were Co-Capt. James Duffey, Co-Capt. Sherman Gates, Ernest Dorr, Bert Russell, Art Drew, Bill Schultz, Evie Dorr, Dana Condit, Danny Duffey, Dick Damon, Ed Anderson, Arnold Hewett, George Whittaker, Tom Fitzpatrick, "Honk" Fallon, Jack Shone, Manager, Robert Whittaker.

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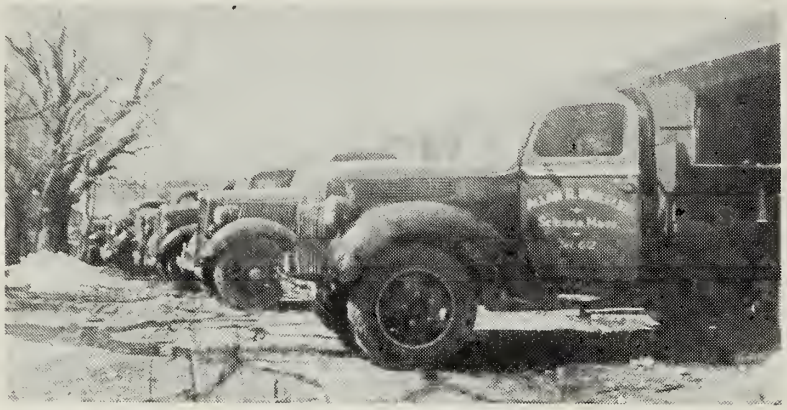

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